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ENTERTAINMENT

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This man charges $5,000 for one photo

By JOHN FITZGERALD
of The Gazette

NEW YORK — "A couple of years ago," Francesco Scavullo remembers, "Sophia Loren walked into my studio and it was like instant *Sophia Loren* tattooed all over her face. I wanted to shoot her with wet hair, a Levi shirt and some Elsa Peretti jewelry ... very earthy ... you know, very ... Two Women.

"And there she was in a wig and a Dior dress and she wanted to be a lady. I was so disappointed. I did the pictures but I never photographed *Sophia Loren*. I did a publicity shot."

Scavullo looks queasy, as if someone had forced him to drink tomato juice with strawberry shortcake. A sin. Scavullo usually has a way with beautiful women.

They love him, the little guy from Staten Island who used to take pictures of his sisters to see if he could make them look like Dorothy Lamour. Today, he is one of the most famous and certainly the most expensive photographer in the world.

He'll hit them with a $5,000 fee for a single color photograph, he'll zap them with the hundreds of magazine covers lining his studio walls. And they learn, of course, if they didn't know already, that he is the man who made the "Cosmopolitan" cover girl part of the American beauty dream.

"If I ever thought about the kind of body I'd like to have," says Scavullo, "I'd like to look like Alain Delon and be six feet tall. I don't like being short. But I don't think about me very often. I'm too busy looking out at the world."

The world outside on this June morning is nothing if not the pits, hot-as-hell, sweaty armpit weather which gets people without money leaning out apartment windows and fanning themselves with copies of the Daily News.

Upstairs, at Scavullo's apartment over his studio on a street in the pricey, terribly trendy Upper East Side, it's airy and bright, a straw-hat-and-fan oasis where it is easy to think of cool breezes and green plants, where there is no ugliness, where the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune are kept at bay.

Wiry man

Scavullo perches on the edge of his tufted sofa, a slight, wiry man dressed in a black shirt and chichi ratty denims. He breathes deeply as if trying to catch up with a day which started hours before.

He's just back from a meeting at Vogue magazine. Rita Hayworth is coming by at one to be photographed and somewhere below, assistants are fending off requests for his time.

Hayworth will take him all afternoon to photograph, which is not unusual, since he will talk to her, choose her makeup, her hairstyle and her clothes — all this before he as much as crooks his finger for the first click.

FRANCESCO SCAVULLO
'I'm not a car wash'

When I photograph someone, I know all the things they have done to create their mystique," Scavullo says, thinking of images and age, of unkind horror-show pictures of aging actresses. "I would only want to be kind. I would only want to maintain their image. I would never want to be negative with my camera and tear people apart. That would be cruel and I'll have no part of it."

Scavullo's business, of course, has nothing to do with the ugly images of broken heads on fields in far off Indochina wars or pictures of faces with pimples and pores. It is beauty, 35mm perfection.

"When you look back in history, beautiful people have always been adored. Why not? What do you want to look at: ugliness? It's a work of art when a beautiful human being is created. It's marvelous.

Marvelous that is, to look at.

A glance at the magazine covers mounted on the walls of his downstairs reception room bear at least that part of it out. "Cosmopolitan," "Vogue," "Harper's Bazaar," "Town and Country," "Cue," "Newsweek," and a long, long list of etceteras.

Here is Mae West, Mick Jagger, Liz Stressand, Salvador Dali, Cher, Kirk Douglas and there Raquel Welch, Cicely Tyson, Jill Clayburgh, Burt Reynolds (whom Scavullo photographed in the buff for Cosmopolitan and started the trend toward male centrefolds) and scads of others. You all know the names. Everybody in fact but you, me and Aunt Marlge.

It's impossible, even with freshly combed hair, freshly brushed teeth a winning smile and proper cuticles not to feel shabby in front of this lot. And then there's the cover girls.

"I guess I've done more covers than any other photographer ever," says Scavullo. "I get very close to the people during a sitting. Janis Joplin I talked to for hours and she wanted me to go off with her to California and the Redwood Forest.

"I remember the moments and I remember the intimacy long after the sitting is over. Most of the people I photograph become my friends. I'm warm. I'm Italian and there's this romanticism about me. I love human beings.

Who is this man who did his first cover for Seventeen magazine in 1948, who thought Tuesday Weld was sexy when he photographed her at age seven, who refuses to use films like 'Anne Hall' and 'An Unmarried Woman' because he doesn't want to be disappointed, who prefers the scope of Bertolucci's 1900, the epic sweep, the always larger-than-life?

There were five kids in the family and I was never really interested in photography at all. I just started looking at magazines and I liked the girls in 'Vogue' and 'Harper's Bazaar' and the Chesterfield girls and the glamour.

I never felt normal as a little kid and they didn't think I was normal and they didn't treat me as normal. My brothers and sisters did everything my parents told them to do and I was always busy doing crazy things and playing hooky and getting yelled at. I was the big problem.

I used to pick up my father's camera and photograph my sisters. When I was older, I was supposed to study hotel management but I had taken a job as a photographer's assistant in high school and that was it.

After he had landed the Seventeen contract, papa bought him the building which today houses his home and his studio and Scavullo, the strange one, started to work to woo them at Town and Country and the fashion mags.

No dumb girls

The girls I work with are bright, modern and sexy and they're not dumb. There's no such thing as a dumb beautiful girl. If they were dumb, I couldn't photograph them. Dumbness is impossible to deal with."

Although he is the world's highest-priced photographer, Scavullo believes you get what you pay for.

"I'm expensive but I'm good. I charge $2,000 for one black and white print and $5,000 for a color one. If it's a woman I'm photographing, I insist that she use my makeup artist and my hairdresser which costs another $1,000. If I shoot an album cover and they use two photographs, the price is $10,000.

I'm not a car wash; after all and I don't want everyone pouring in here because I don't have the time.

On men I do no retouching but on women, I do a little because makeup tends to exaggerate pores and lines, especially with sharp, closeup lenses. They bring out things. I retouch what I don't see in the person like blemishes and pores."

Scavullo shot Kris Kirstofferson and Barbra Streisand for 'A Star is Born' publicity

From Scavullo's book 'Men': Rocker Mick Jagger (left) and actor Henry Winkler

Sorry, Beach Boys, the Russian trip is off

By JUAN RODRIGUEZ
of The Gazette

We've got some bad news for the Beach boys.

Sorry, guys, but your Russian concert has been postponed.

The Beach Boys — the longest existing group in rock history — were in Montreal yesterday, getting ready for last evening's forum concert. And group member Mike Love was looking forward to another trip behind the Iron Curtain.

The Beach Boys were scheduled to share the bill with Santana and Joan Baez and three Russian pop groups in a pop festival held in Lenngrad on July 4. The show is the first of its kind in Russia and it is to be made into a film by Russian-born British promoter Dimitri Grunwald.

The festival is being organized by the American king of rock entrepreneurs, Bill Graham, and is being co-sponsored by the Soviet Film Agency and Levis Jeans Company.

But while the interview was going on, a news bulletin from Moscow announced that the concert has been postponed for at least a month, because of problems in the film script. Officials of Soviofilm announced that they had found "historical imprecisions" in some scenes that show Lenngrad's past.

The Beach Boys had already performed behind the Iron Curtain, in Czechoslovakia, six months after the Russians 1968 invasion.

When we landed, there was a line-up of migjets and tanks at the airport," Love recalled. "The audiences were amazing. They just whistled, stomped, clapped and screamed — it was deafening. I guess we represented America and freedom, and consequently the reception was pretty thunderous.

We expect the same thing to happen in the Soviet Union," he said yesterday afternoon, unaware of the Russian announcement. I plan to write an article on the show for the Saturday Evening Post, entitled 'Rock in the U.S.S.R.'

I also plan on asking Maharishi if there are a few words he'd like transmitted to the people over there."

His reference to the Maharishi — head of the Transcendental Meditation movement — is not just a hip gesture. Love is a true believer in the movement, so much so that TM members act as his press agents in each city the group visits.

The 32-year-old Love — bronzed, neatly bearded, balding and with silvering hair on a tanned chest — is a member of rock music's greatest survivors. Ask him about the amazing longevity of the Beach Boys and Love answers in calm, systematic style.

"There are three reasons. First, we were born into the same family. We know each other really well, even though we don't necessarily agree with each other (this being brothers Brian, Carl and Dennis Wilson, cousin Love, and neighbour Al Jardine).

"The lifestyles within the group are pretty varied; we each have our preferences upon what to do with our free time, but we've been singing together for as long as I can remember. We are students of harmony.

"Secondly, what we do works. The music we've done strikes a sort of resonant chord in the minds and hearts of certain people. I think the Beach Boys, over almost two decades, have become musical representatives of a whole middle-class part of our society.

Everyone's been to high school, everyone's married to three a car, everyone wants to fantasize about the beach in the summer. Our songs represent those things. Everybody's had a crush on somebody so we sing 'Help Me Rhonda.'

Third, we've learned the ability to relate interpersonally with each other. We may not agree all the time, but we understand. We have the ability to cope with stress and ego, and that in direct proportion to how adaptable you are.

And that's mainly accountable to the fact we've all learned Transcendental Meditation for about 10 years now. It's been an enormous help in relieving stress and permits us to function on these tours, which can get exhausting.

For instance, we arrived here about two in the morning immediately after a concert, but by being able to meditate, taking deep breaths, you can beat the exhaustion.

And that's why the Beach Boys seem almost as if they'll be around forever.

MIKE LOVE
TM relieves his stress

Young fans stomp to old 'Deuce Coup'

God only knows — as the title of a Beach Boys song would have it — why the group is such a popular concert attraction. They are very mediocre singers individually but they do somehow manage to collect themselves for their patented semi-barbershop harmonies.

Their music is out of sync with today's trends, yet, the audience that attended last night's show was so young that most of their fans weren't even born when the group first started.

Yet here they were, roaring, clapping, stomping their approval for such songs as 'California Girls,' 'Sloop John B,' 'Do It Again,' 'Little Deuce Coupe,' 'In my Room,' 'Darlin,' the classic 'Good Vibrations' and so many more hits.

A few new tunes, not so effective, were thrown in, although 'Almost Summer' — theme song of a soon-to-be-released movie — was a throwback to their old style.

It's the group's old style that captures the imagination, for some unfathomable reason, of their young fans.

They don't sound as good as their records — especially the ones to come in the 1960s — and their genius-composer Brian Wilson, two years after returning on the road after spending 10 years in his room, is a most idiosyncratic performer (seemingly dazed half the time and extremely enthusiastic the rest of the time).

However, there's a bit of magic about the group.

— Juan Rodriguez

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Bob Dylan records anguished excellence

Music genius Bob Dylan has just released his latest album, and marriage woes have induced him to create his most heart-wrenching songs yet, says critic Juan Rodriguez ..... Page 34

A tough Tulsa boy is gonna be a star

Gary Busey grew up as a hard-living, tough-talking Tulsa boy — and now the studio says he's gonna be a star. He's portraying rock legend Buddy Holly in a new movie, and critic Julia Maskoulis says the studio may be right ..... Page 35

Love letters make for a bad production

The Stratford Festival has a production based on the love letters of Heloise and Abelard, famous medieval lovers who were forced apart. But the performance is merely a boring recital with no dramatic impact, Jamie Portman says ..... Page 37

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